UNITED STATES NAVY

IT IS BEGINNING TO ASSUME VERY RESPECTABLE PROPORTIONS.

The New Battle Ships, Their Cost and the Destructive Power with Which They Are Provided.

William E. Curtis, in Chicago Record. It is thirty-one years since the first American armor-clad battle ship was built, and she, too, came from the Cramp yard. She was called the New Ironsides, and within seven months after the contract was signed she was on her way to join the blockading squadron at Charleston, The Minneapolis is the ninety-third man-of-war built for the United States navy on the Delaware, and the 274th vessel built by the Cramp Com-

In building the new navy the Cramps have had contracts amounting to \$28,317,046, and there are now in their yard under construction and in various stages of completion vessels that represent a contract value of nearly \$30,000,000. No ship builder in the world ever did such a business before. The following is a list of the ships they have built for the United States government and the contract price of each. These figures do not include the guns or armor, which

represent several millions more. Firished and in commission: New York, steel-armored cruiser.. \$2,985,000 Newark, protected cruiser...... 1,248,000 Baltimore, protected cruiser..... 1,325,000 Philadelphia, protected cruiser..... 1,325,000 Columbia, protected cruiser..... 2,725,000

Total\$10,413,000 Not yet completed: Monitors 3,178,046 Massachusetts, steel coast-line bat-Indiana,, steel coast-line battleship 3,020,000 Iowa, steel sea-going battleship.... 3,010,000 Brooklyn, steel-armored cruiser.... 2,386,600 Minneapolis, protected cruiser..... 2,690,000

Total\$17,904,046 The Indiana, Iowa, Oregon and Massachusetts are a group of coast-line battle ships authorized by Congress in 1891. They cost \$3,500,000 each. They weigh 10,300 tons, their engines have the power of 6,000 horses and they carry the beaviest armor and the funs amost. Unlike the Chicag and New York, and Minneapolis and other ships that are named after our cities, they are not intended to go galloping over the ocean, destroying commerce, blockading harbors and bombarding cities, but they are to stay at home and defend our own coasts and ports against the enemy. One of them will be stationed at New York, another at Philadelphia, another at the Virginia capes and another at the Golden Horn to serve as watch dogs at the gates of our commercial centers. Therefore they are floating fortresses made of frames and plates of steel and covered with an armor eighteen inches thick, and when a projectile weighing half a ton is fired against them it will squash and flatten out like the paper wads that schoolboys throw against the ceiling.

WHAT THEY ARE LIKE. Each vessel weighs 10,276 tons. The hull Weighs 4,400 tons, the armor 2,700 tons, the engines 876 tons, the guns and the ammunition 1,500 tons, and 700 tons of rivets and bolts are used to fasten the frame and the plates together. They are built as a puzzle is put together. Each piece is made at some foundry, and marked with a letter and a number to correspond with those upon the working plans. Some are cast at Pittsburg, others at Homestead, more at Bethlehem and some here. Sample plates of each casting are carried down the Potomac river to the "proving grounds" at Indian Head, where steel projectiles weighing from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds are fired at them from thirteen-inch guns with 500 pounds of powder at a distance not longer than a city block or two to see what they can stand. If the sample endures the test the plates are accepted by the government and sent to the shipyard. If it does not, they are turned back into the furnace and their density and power of resistance in creased. An investigation is now going on in Congress to determine whether the workmen at Mr. Carnegie's Homestead mills did not fool the government inspectors and furnish plates that are not up to the stand-

In the construction of these floating fortresses the architect has to have an eye to that quality known as specific gravity. He must make them so that they will carry an immense burden besides their own enor mous weight and at the same time adjust the curves of solid steel so as to avoid the resistance of winds and the water. Upon the decks within the turrets, as you saw them in the battle ship Illinois at the world's fair, are four thirteen-inch guns, big enough for a man to crawl into, eight eight-inch guns and four six-inch guns. The former are the largest that have ever been made on this side of the Atlantic, Each is forty-nine feet long, four feet in diameter at its largest part and weighs 135,500 pounds. but it lies upon machinery so delicate and complicated that it can be moved, and sighted, and loaded, and fired simply by fingering buttons as you call for ice water at a hotel by pressing the electric bell Besides the monster cannon that I have enumerated there are twenty-six smaller guns, with long needle-shaped barrels, which will fire shells and projectiles of chilled steel weighing three pounds each, at the rate of fifteen or twenty a minute. Every time one of the big guns is fired it costs the government between \$500 and \$600, but, to use an Irish bull, a good marksman can hit a barn or a ship farther off than he can see-thirteen miles away. The Indiana could lie outside Sandy Hook and drop twelve-hundred-pound shells into the city of New York at the rate of four a minute, and if she could be anchored of Chicago it would be as easy as lying for her to shoot away over the city and amuse the truck farmers in DuPage county.

LOADING THE BIG GUNS. They do not use ordinary powder, but a composition explosive made in the form of cubes that look like chocolate caramels and are about an inca square, and it requires 550 pounds for every charge. When they load one of these big guns they use a couple of barrels of the caramels sewed up in burlap sacks, and with a derrick they hoist and gently shove into the breech of the cannon a polished steel projectile, shaped like an ordinary cartridge, and tapering to a sharp point. It weighs as much as an ordinary horse-from 1.100 to 1,500 pounds—is five and one-half feet long and is as large around as an ordinary man. Then the electrical current is connected, the button is pressed and the projectile starts toward its destination at the rate of 2,100 feet a second. If the mark is thirteen miles away it will get there in a little less than half a minute, so that the people it is proposed to shoot at are not allowed much time to say their prayers. If a block of steel twenty-six inches thick were placed at the muzzle of the gun the projectile would pass through it like so much cheese, for the muzzle energy of that gun, as they call it, is 33,627 tons to the square inch. And it will pass clean through a plate twenty-three inches thick if it is placed 1.50 feet away.

board a battle ship when one of these great guns goes off, and they are not fired often enough to enable the officers and sailors to get used to the racket, but they tell me the shock and vibration are not so great as they would be on land, and that the men in the turrets do not feel it so severely as those who are further away. The eight-inch guns will carry a pro jectile weighing 250 pounds a distance of eight miles. The six-inch guns carry four miles, and the needle guns one and two miles, according to the charge of powder, Within the bowels of one of these ships are sixty-six different engines and three immense dynamos, each having a capacity of three hundred amperes. There is an electric plant capable of lighting a town of 5,000 inhabitants, twenty-one sets of speaking tubes, twelve telephones and no end of electric bells, automatic signals and gines for pumping, for steering the for ventilating the cabins and the hold for hoisting the tackle and for all sorts purposes. The two great engines for driving the ship, which are as distinct and separate as if one was on land and the other on the ocean, are so tremendous and complicated that each has a little engine attached to it for the sole purpose of getting it going. The boilers furnish a heating surface of eight acres, and hold thirty tons of water. The condensing tubes if stretched out in a straight the floating fort of steel that holds all this-is 348 feet long, 69 feet broad and 24 feet deep. It is expected to travel a the rate of sixteen miles an hour, and with such energy that if driven at full speed against a pier of the Brooklyn bridge it would strike with a force of one hundred thousand tons and throw it over.

There is a good deal of commotion on

Too Many Books. Lippencott's Magazine. A friend of ours, who had some talent

verses to a publisher, who agreed to bring I've already eaten three-two smooth ones them out in book form at the author's expense. "How many copies do you want?" he asked. "About fifteen hundred," I suppose." "Better say a hundred and fifty, for unless you give them away you will get most of them back. When not backed by a known name, poetry is a drug in the market." And so is most prose, too. Therefore, don't pose as a martyr if the publisher, having looked over your effusions, offers to act simply as your agent, you bearing all costs; nor yet if he declines to handle them at all. In our day literature (or what alms to be such) is overdone; there is too much of it. Real talent, if it can get its products into available shape, will be heard from sooner or later, first and chiefly (as a rule) through the periodicals. To try your luck costs merely postage-and at the other end the time of editors and clerks, which publishers pay for in your behalf. But nobody is going to win wealth and fame by the pen merely because he or she would like to.

TOLD ON THE PORCH.

A Man Hater. It begins to appear that this feminine rights agitation is making alarming inroads on juvenile plety. "Kitty," said a reproving mother to a small daughter, "you must not make so many spiteful remarks about the men. You must remember that God made them; and, besides, He is always spoken of as masculine." "I know it." retorted thirteen-year-old Kitty, with a rebellious toss of her head, "and that's another thing that makes me mad-it's a mean discrimination against our sex."

Flowers for the Children.

"I'm something of a flower mission myself on a small scale," said a typewriter girl, "I nearly always wear a few flowers to the office every morning, keep them in water on my desk during the day, and at night start home with them in my hand. But I do not have to carry them far, for always I meet a grimy little street urchin who asks for them outright or looks so wistful that I promptly give them into his joyful little dirty hands. The ignorance of street children concerning flowers is most pathetic; they generally call everything 'a rose.' Whether I carry nasturtiums, pansies or sweet peas, it is always, 'Lady, please gimme a rose.' How I wish every city could have an immense old-fashioned garden, in which all children of the alleys and gutters could roam at will and pick funny little short-stemmed posies to their

A Medical Expose.

"I does seem heartless to spring anything startling on a midsummer community," remarked a man who sat on the railing, "but I have made a discovery of great value to Wilde says, in 'The Decay of Lying,' that nature imitates art, instead of vice versa, as commonly supposed; that prior to the work of impressionists we did not have rich brown fogs, silver mists and pathetic purple shadows; the artists got them up, and now nature imitates them. On this basis I've discovered that doctors invent diseases. We can all recall when diph theria began; heart failure is a recent invention; blood-poisoning also, and appendcitis. Only yesterday my physician, in precribing for my headache, asked if I had a cracking noise in my head. I told him hadn't, but lo! when I had taken one dose of his prescription, behold a horrid cracking in my head. He had foisted a new symptoms on me. It is not to be gainsaid -in medicine as in painting, nature follows art; the doctors, in their assemblies, map out these new diseases, and then we poor mortals turn in and have them."

Baby's Pienie. It was to be baby's picnic. The poor little soul didn't often get out into the country and she wasn't very well-teething, you know-so the young papa and mamma decided to give her a picnic. All their set were to be invited; they would take a nice dark and have a perfectly lovely time, besides doing dear baby so much good—the precious little thing. So real swell little cards of invitation were sent out in baby's name. Papa went out and found a charming place for the picnic up the river, and there all sorts of good things to eat and drink were gathered together. The the cushions and hammocks were stowed in the carriages; fans and umbrellas, can openers and lemon squeezers, all remembered and collected, and the joyous caravan moved off. The picnic ground was reached, the women were shaking wrinkles from their pretty gowns and the men were hanging the hammocks, when some one was heard to say to the charming young hostess, "Where's baby? I haven't seen

"Oh," the small mamma replied, "she was sound asleep when we started and I heard somebody say it might rain, so I

left the dear little thing at home."

The Erratic Widower. It has been noticed that the death of a man's wife, particularly if he be middle-aged man, seems to place him instantaneously in new and embarrassing relations to all other women. He begins to act unnaturally, to shy off and plainly indicate that he suspects all unmarried women to have their eye on him with matrimonial intent. Such a widower was under discussion at a porch talk the other night-a man whose wife had a large cirle of agreeable and attractive widow friends with whom the husband had been on most friendly and genial terms. No sooner had his wife died than this widower began conducting himself in a very coy, queer and reserved manner deeply embarrassing to the coterie of widows. "How do you act when you meet Mr. Dobson?" one widow asked. "He behaves so peculiarly that I'm afraid to look at "Well, I'm not," declared the other widow. "I sit right down by him and talk to him just as I always did. What's the matter with the man, anyway? Doesn't know we can't marry him unless he

takes out the lisense?"

A Clever Fellow. If you see a man tiptoeing carefully along the sidewalk or through an alley carrying a tall, suspicious-looking glass with a brown paper-funnel inverted over the top, don't rush to any hasty and discreditable conclusion that he is preparing for personal indulgence in a midsummer orgy of wicked iced drinks. Far from it; he is the genial fellow who manipulates the lemonade "growler" for the tpyewriter girl. She follows her trade in various kinds of offices, factories, warehouses and other commercial haunts of man; sometimes she has all luxuries at hand, other times she hasn't even a good drink of water to call her own. Warm hydrant water without a splinter of ice is often her lot, and in this emergency arises the man who knows a alce clean place where he can get her an ced lemonade with a slice of pineapple in t-all for a nickle. Sometimes he is a lude clerk, sometimes the grey-whiskered bookkeeper; again, the grimy Dutch engineer, or an obliging fat drummer; but; in all guises, there is royal blood in the man who totes lemonade for the typewriter

Episode of an Umbrella. An accepted tradition concerning the gentler sex is the one which affirms that every woman who carries an umbrella has a malignant intention of punching out with it some other fellow-creature's eye; and it is also a current belief that all men carry umbrellas properly and do not endanger other people's lives or members. An incident to the contrary. On an Illinois-street car sat an elderly lady, behind her sat a dudish young man who had an elegant umbrella with a large and handsome porcelain knob for a handle. He held it rather carelessly between his knees, with an exhibition air pervading the proceeding, and when the car swung round a curve the umbrella pitched forward and gave the old lady a hearty thump in the back. She looked around sharply and the dude apologized languidly. Soon the car jolted over a switch opening. and again the Dresden knob pounded the old lady's back. This time she turned clear round and made a remark. She said: "Look-a-here, young man, you've hit me twice with that crockery-handle umbrel o' yourn, an' that's about enough. If you do again I'll hit you with mine, an' it only cost 45 cents. And the journey of the dame continued without further annoyance.

The Awful Small Boy.

It was not pleasant to read in a recent short story-was it one of Barrie's?-of that dreaful youth who ate a cockroach on a bet. He was an English or Scotch lad, no doubt, but has been equaled if not distanced by an American youngster. It was a Western urchin who was reproved for some misdemeanor with a maternal suggestion that he would be speedily punished if the riotous act should be repeated. "No, mamma," argued the terrible infant, "you had better not whip me-'cause if you do and had done some good things, took his I'll go right out an' eat some more worms.

an' one woolly one. TOPOLOBAMPO'S COLONY.

Declaration that Nearly All the Difficulties Have Been Overcome.

E. O. Ball, in New York herald. The article in the Herald of June 10 discussing the Topolonampo Co-operative Colony contained some error intermingled with truth, and I beg leave to state the facts. It is stated that "no less than \$1,000,000 have been lost by the colonists." Individ-uals have lost, but the aggregate bears a very small proportion to \$1,000,000, and those who did lose have themselves chieffy to blame. In verification I venture to quote from Mr. C. H. Hoffman, who wrote: "The Credit Foncier Company is a colonization company, based upon the principles of integral co-operation. The field for its operations was selected by Altert K. Owen. In 1886 the Credit Foncier Company was organized; a call was issued for one hundred men to go to the front and begin the construction of irrigating ditches, building houses, etc., but instead of only one hundred qualified men there was a rush of men, women and children, persons not members of the company. The result was disappointment, hardships, fault finding by those who disregarded every coursel and going there without knowing what they wanted. The writer has spent several months in the colony, and never has it been his fortune to find a community where the equities of life and principles of justice were so well observed." That "mad rush against the instructions of Mr. Owen" cost the Credit Foncier Company \$50,000, paid for food to suviain those

people. No adult person is now, allowed to join the colony without a permit issued by the proper officers. No grant or assistance from Congress to build a railroad from Norfolk, Va., to Fagle Pass, Tex., was ever sought or even thought of by Mr. Owen, whose while dealings were with the Mexican government. The first railroad concession from the Mexican government lapsed for tenfulfillment. The second was simply renewed on land grant, in place of bond assue basis, the government naving withdrawn all bond grant aid to railroad concessionaires. This land grant concession has not been lost, as stated, but is still in full force. The colony concession rights are included n the railroad concession and are also in

The amended or nev concession grants the concessionaire about fourteen million acres, which may be located on any government land in any of the seven northern States of Mexico, and all rights under this concession are still in force. This sad picture of the arrival of the first colonists is true in part. They were exposed to smallpox in Guaymas while waiting for a steamer to the "promised A few cases resulted in Pacific City, but only two died; and there has not been a single case of that disease since that year. And as for instances of starvation, there was absolutely no such case-no such suffering, even during three successive sea-

the Secretary of Fomento.

sons of drought. These "starvation stories" were so rife pealed to and induced to send a revenue cutter out to either render relief or to bring the "starving colonists" away. The officer in command of the cutter reported that there was perfect contentment, perfect harmony, no sickness, no complaint and not a single person willing to leave. The Herald refers to a second colony going out in the fall of 1889. This was nearly two hundred people, new members of the Credit Foncier Company-not a 'new colony." They went to help construct the irrigating canal under direction of the Kansas Sinaloa Investment Company, acting under contract as trustee for the Credit Foncier Company. "This work," says the Herald, "was paid for in improvement fund scrip, which has been worth all the way from par down to 10 cents,' This scrip is not a legal tender beyond colony limits, but is receivable at par by the Credit Foncier Company for water uses. Every holder is certain to receive full value for his scrip.

The colony is still there, practically selfsupporting, and is bound to remain. Nor s the ditch a failure. When water is low in the Fuvite river it has to be lifted nearly two hundred feet into the canal. This has been done during the year and large crops raised. It is not all right, but an expenditure of \$1,500 will remedy the fault. This will soon be done. Work has gone on steadily, making great changes since the date named, and for the better. On the other hand, the Hoffman-Flurscheim-Freeland corporation located not far has dwindled down to about sixty members, and this, too, in spite of extraordinary efforts of its leaders to hold them together. The principles governing the two organizations are diametrically opposite. The Kansas Sinaloa Company has nothng, can have nothing to do with complet ng the ditch, nor can it colonize any lands under A. K. Owen's concession rights. It should be stated that the "health rec-

ord" at the colony is higher than the average in the States, notwithstanding the many disadvantages of a new and somewhat isolated settlement.

STORY OF A PORTRAIT. One of the Interesting Secrets of Illustrated Journalism.

"The story of a portrait might be written with good effect if the various uses of a discarded woodcut could be followed," said a well-known woman of society the other day. "I had an experience myself that would have been funny if it had not been so very annoying. Some time ago I received a note from the editor of a certain weekly saying that they were publishing a series of portraits of prominent women, and, alluding to my 'good works' in organizing various charities, he requested my photograph and permission to reproduce my picture in his journal. Not a little flattered, I chose my best pose and inclosed the photograph to him, and in the course of ime a fairly creditable likeness was published. As my photo was returned I thought no more about it, but a month or two later was horrified to receive a badly printed, common-looking Western paper, with my portrait in the very center of the front page, and the dreadful words in blg type above it, 'She poisoned her husband.' "It seems that the print had been seen and recognized by a friend, traveling on a Western railroad, in a newspaper that was being read by his next neighbor. Having seen the first publication in the journal mentioned he at once remembered the picture, and wishing for my sake to trace the cut he invented some excuse for borrowing the paper, found the name and address of the editor, and going to his office demanded an explanation. This was furnished him without hesitation by the genlal proprietor of the ---, who acknowledged that he had no idea whose portrait he was using. "'A good-looking woman like that,' he

was pleased to say, 'gives interest to a pizening case, and so I just stuck her in. Where did I get the cut? Oh, I buy them cheap after they have been used in Eastern papers. Of course, well-known people keep their own names, but there are generally a lot of other portraits that come handy for anything that turns up. And so that lady's a friend o' yours? Well, you must have had kinder a shock when you saw she'd been a-pizening her family. And the wretch laughed as if it were ar excellent joke. 'Shall I deny it fer you? But guess that'd only make it worse, wouldn't it? Better leave it be, and I'll give you the woodcut, so that you can see that she don't cut up any more shines,' he added facetiously."

It Is a Little Discouraging. The committee which has been collecting provisions for the Pullman employes sends out the following announcement: "The relief committees of the Pullman strikers were much discouraged yesterday when they found that two carloads of provisions which had been donated for the Pullman strikers had been burned the day before in the fire which consumed so many cars on the tracks at Burnside. The loss of the provisions will be keenly felt by the strikers and their families at Pullman. Who destroyed these provisions and helped to cut off supplies from the nungry men at Pullman? It was not the regulars, the militia, the marshals, sheriff's deputis or police. It was not the Pullman company. It was the men who are acting under Debs's orders in trying to tie up the railroads. It was the sympathizers with Debs's bovcott. It was the fiends who are burning, murdering and destroying everything they can get their hands on. The generous people of Chicago, the conservative people of Chicago, would gladly help the men at Pullman, but it is not very encouraging when the men who profess to sympathize with them are burning up the cars containing the supplies which have been contributed.

A Good Suggestion.

The New York Morning Advertiser suggests that Judge Grosscup's charge to the grand jury, in Chicago, is such masterpiece of good law and good English that it should find a place in the school books. The suggestion is a good one, Into the hornbooks let it go. What the babes learn the men may not forget.

Not Even the Gold Cure. Washington Post. We are quite confident that Mr. Sovereign never experienced any sort of cure.

Celebrating the Fourth. Not the Fourth of July, but the arrival of the fourth addition to the family of brated yesterday. Hommel's Extra Dry was served and highly appreciated by the guests. Metzger & Co. sell it. Telephone,

MAGIC OF THE YOGI

WONDERS THAT THE GLOBE CY-CLIST IS NOW READY TO REVEAL.

Has Kodak Pictures of Miracles

Wrought Before His Eyes and

Learned How to Do It Himself.

New York Recorder. Can it really be that the days of miracles are coming back again, that modern Aarons will turn their walking sticks into wriggling serpents and draw their victuals by magic means out of the atmosphere? Such is the bold assertion made by that eminent straddler of the wheel. Thomas Stevens, who has been around the world on wheels and half around again in his search for modern wonders. Mr. Stevens's latest sojourn has been among the wondrous Yogi of the Indies, and he comes back to America laden down with yarns and pictures which make the Arabian Nights seem tame and chestnutty and Baron Munchausen commonplace by comparison. He says that he has seen miracles, and, what is more, has learned the

secret of their doing, and, while he may not possess the magic power of dealing properly with these mysterious forces of nature so that he can work miracles himself, he is satisfied that there are many in this land who can do it just as soon as he furnishes the key. "And I will do it," he says, "just as soon as I have recouped myself for the tremendous outlay I have been put to in making this interesting study of the 'Sphinx of the Ganges.' " This he will do by a series of illustrated lectures, and when these are delivered he will raise the curtain, and presto! we shall see what we shall see. full force, both having been confirmed by

> The round-the-world bicyclist was seen last week at a reception tendered him at J. F. Drouthitt's Art Tapestry Salon, and he was full of enthusiasm regarding his latest discoveries. He says he is not prepared to express himself regarding the Mahatmas or adepts of the Himalayas, but regarding the magic or miracle workers he cannot say too much. What Marco Polo saw six centuries ago-and which were considered mere travelers' tales when Marco told of themhe has seen in the good year 1893. And not only has he seen them-seen men floating grow, blossom and bear fruit, of which he all within a space of minutes, and many things, but he has caught them on the fly with that magic kodak of his, and has brought their counterfeit presentment, made by the unlying pencil of the sun, across the mountains and the seas to convert

skeptical Americans. "It would be easy enough," said tevens, "for me to come back with a lot of fairy stories about the wonders that I have seen, but I felt that if I was to bring back anything worth serious consideration I must take more tangible proof than that of the evidence of my own eyes. If I could get some of these miracles on my photo craphic plates I should have evidence which would be difficult to sneer at. I have seen miracles like them recorded in the Bible In fact, at my special request, several of the Bible miracles were duplicated by the Yogi. It is no longer a puzzle to me that Pharaoh's magicians were able to cause o the same feat of Moses and Aaron. ave not only seen food produced apparenty from nothing, but have dined off food hus magically provided, and these and other marvels are being performed in India to-day-not in darkened rooms, bear in mind, with all sorts of ingenious hidden appliances, but in the open air, in the jungle and the forest, and in broad daylight. But it would be idle for me to make hese assertions if I had not rounded up

these wonderful things with my camera. "It is the glory of the hand camera that t enables the traveler to transport from the most distant parts of the world anything that he has seen, and by the aid of the lantern reproduce it for the benefit of the people at home. It seems to me that if there was any reality in the Yogi and his miracles one ought to be able to support their evidence with photographic proofs. Fortune favored me. I fell in with an Indian Yogi who liked me, and did all he could to help me. Not only did he let me into the secret of the mysterious force of nature by which these miracles are perjungle, at which I was enabled to get some snap shot pictures of things that most people are utterly unable to believe in. They are going to create a sensation, I have no doubt. They will conjure up a perfect storm of bewilderment in the minds o skeptical people, and I feel that they will convince all who are not hopelessly skepical, not only that miracles were possible in Bible days, but that they are still possible in the present time, and they will open up the question whether we may not, after a time, defy the laws of gravitation and cease to envy the birds of the air their flight upward, or to obtain our food from

"Not everybody will be able to do these things, even when they know the key to this mystery; but there are people here in New York who have it in them, and require the knowledge imparted to me by the Yogi, in order to outdo all the magicians of the East. Whenever we have picked up anything from the Orientals, we have usually managed to beat them at their own game, and I predict that the rule will hold good as to miracles and magic. "Are these miracle-working Yogis easy t get at, Mr. Stevens? Do you consider them accessible to the average enterprising trav-

"In this, as in many other things, it is comparatively easy if you only know how to go the right way at it. It cannot be said, however, that the Yogi is ordinarily from all such apprehensions in the future. accessible. On the contrary, plenty of men have spent the greater part of their lives in India without seeing anything of genuine Indian magic; and were you to ask them about it, they would probably answer you that it is all humbug and imagination. A certain Sanscrit professor, whom I met on board ship going to India, told me that, although he had always been anxious to witness feats of Indian magic, he had so far found the genuine miracle-working Yogi unapproachable to an European eager to satisfy his curiosity. I can only say that I have been one of the fortunate ones; and I, of course, shall include in my disclosures my own 'recipe' for getting in contact with one of these interesting characters, so that others may pursue the discovery; but for reasons already intimated that will have to wait for a short time."

PUMPED FULL OF FOOD. How Chickens Are Artificially Fat

tened for Food in England. Scientific American. A large party of ladies and gentlemen in terested in the poultry industry lately visited the Iville Poultry Farm, at Baynards, near Horsham, England, the property o pany. The business of rearing and fattening chickens has been carried on for a consid erable time in various parts of Sussex and Surrey, and notably in the districts around Heathfield and Uckfield. In some of the largest establishments, as many as 6,00 chickens may be undergoing the fattening process at one time; at the other extreme we find small farmers or cottagers who only prepare a few dozen birds at once. The district is scoured by bigglers, who buy chick ens from the breeders, often giving as much as 3s 6d to 4s in the spring for well-grown birds nine or ten weeks old. Quite recently a demand has sprung up for birds of only month old, at which age they can be served ip as great delicacies at the table. The Indian game and Dorking cross found to be the best for producing birds for the table, as they readily lay on flesh at the parts where it is most desired. The fattening house is capable of accommodating a total of 632 fowls, and the birds enter upon this, the last stage of their career, at ages ranging from four to seven months. pens or cages are arranged in horizontal tiers, one above another, all round the house, which is kept scrupulously clean. Each pen hold one bird, an arrangement prevents any unseemly quarrels. For before killing birds are fed solely by mechanical stuffing The food consists of a mixture of barley meal, oatmeal and skim milk, together with the best beef and mutton fat obtainable the proportion of fat being increased day by day. The stuffing machine is a light con trivance which the attendant can whee along in front of the pens. To feed a bird h takes it out of the pen and places his left hand on the crop, into which with his right hand he guides an India rubber tube from

the machine. By pressing a treadle with

his foot he forces food into the bird's crop,

the contact of his left hand with which

enables him to judge as to the amount

which should be allowed. A careless or in-

experienced attendant might easily burst

the crop by surcharging it, but a smart man will safely feed one hundred birds from the

machine in the space of twenty minutes

Feeding in this house takes place twice a

The birds show no aversion to the opera-

day, at 7 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.

ber of hungry fowls to be seen stretching their necks beyond the bars of their pens raise in the mind of the onlooker suspicion that just once in a generation a bird may lose its meal unless it enters upon an audible remonstrance with the attendant. As soon as the feeding is over the blinds of the skylights are drawn down, and the birds are left in quiet and semi-darkness to digest the meal they have received and to acquire an appetite for the next. The pens are only large enough to permit the birds to turn round, so that the wear and tear of muscle which would be involved in running about are avoided. Besides, the plump young birds which are thus fed up, old and quarrelsome fowls are fatted and sold for making soup. The output of birds from this farm is about five thousand a year.

WHISTLING GIRLS. They Have Good Lungs and Are Always Well.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, who for some time has

devoted herself to high-class whistling, believes that the constant practice of the

art is beneficial to the health, and she rec-

mends the exercise to her weak-chested slender-throated sisters. She is not the first that won a certain fame by the display of this art. In the seventeenth centa young fellow in the service of Mr. Marie Cureau de 1 Chambre, of Mans, was known as "Le beau siffler," and his skill was such that he was borrowed to enliven social gatherings. When his master was appointed physician to the King of France the young whistler delighted Paris, but he fell victim to hospitality and wet his whitle too often. The beautiful Ginseppa Grassin, who charmed the first Napoleon with her song, was a whistler of marvelous dexterity. Then there was the German, Mr. Van Joel, who earned a handsome living by whistling, until the muscles of his mouth refused to adapt themselves. Today there are men, women and girls known as whistling artists. Few, very few, whistle in tune. The wind bloweth where it listeth When Mrs. Shaw urges the importance of whistling, as she would the use of tennis, Indian clubs or the foil, she whistles at all tradition. Proverbs and stories are against her. The most familiar proverb. considering the whistling girl and crowing hen, is something musty, as Hamlet would say, yet it is found among many nations. Georges Kastner, a man not ungallant, declared that women seemed deprived of the faculty of whistling; that women of the country and women of the people seldom whistled, even when engaged in occupations in which men by whistling encourage horses or call dogs, or express their wishes to other animals. "Still less do they dream of thus diverting themselves or beguiling the time." The Germans say of a whistling girl, "She'll have a beard;" and when one strives in vain they have this mock: "There's no use in making a little mouth; whistle!" Whistling itself was long in disrepute. The clown in Dryden's poem "whistled as he went for want of thought." They once said of a second-rate singer, "He that cannot sing may as to whistle in German also means to drink, the saying may have had another twist. In the familiar English phrase, "wet the whistle," the word whistle may or may not stand for weesle or windpipe; the meaning is obvious enough. Then there is a touch of contemp in the phrase, "Whistle for it." Again, t whistle is synonymous with "to build castles in Spain." Nor should we forget the demoniac side, for there are sailors that can compel a wind by mystic whistling. Mrs. Shaw is undoubtedly right in encouraging her sisters to practice the art, no that they thus may become red cheeked and bulbous, for in this neurotic age such personal characteristics may be deemed disfigurements. But whistling will be of a convenience to women. When they have all mastered it there will be no need of frantic waving of parasol to arrest the street-car driver in his mad flight. Husband or child can thus be readily called The servant will be trained to obey the signal. The languishing planist will then have no cause of deploring the weakness of feminine applause. Nor should any man mock woman in her endeavor to thus perfect herself, as he laughs when she essays to throw a stone, for with the march of events and the emancipation of woman it is not unlikely that the old Scottish song will be sung, though it will be altered

slightly in gender: O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lass; O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lass; Tho' father and mither, and a' should go

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lass.

MANCHESTER'S AQUEDUCT. The Great Manufacturing City Goes Ninety-Five Miles for Water.

Manchester, England, Guardian. Manchester, it may be said, has stretched one arm out to the ocean; with the other she has reached the recesses of the hills and laid her grasp upon their most precious

Within the next six months our water supply will have been placed upon an inexhaustible basis. As the community has grown we have had to go further and further afield to secure an ample provision of this prime necessity of life, but we may now rest assured that our foraging days are done. Three hundred years ago Manchester had no occasion to stir abroad for water. The inhabitants derived their chief supply from a well in Fountain street, and our ancestors filled their pail at a public conduit, the site of which is now covered by the Royal Exchange. The conduit was fed by stone pipes from Mountain street, from the Shudehill pits and from the ponds near the site of the present Royal Infirmary. At a later period the town brought its water from Gorton and from the canal at Peak Forest, supplementing the supply with water pumped from the unpolluted Medlock. Eventually the corporation seized upon Longdendale, dammed up the river Etherow into reservoirs, submerged a village or two and rested. In 1855 Manchester and the district were satisfied with eight million gallons per day. With a population of a million within the area of supply we now require a daily delivery of 24,000,000 gallons. Longdendale has never failed us so long as there has been an average rainfall, but in periods of drought the city has again and again been thrown into a state of mild panic at the prospect of a water famine. Thirlmere will save us proud place which the district holds in the rainfall returns commends it to the water works engineer if not to the tourist. At Longdendale the average yearly rainis a mere fifty inches. Thirlmere doubles that quantity and adds four inches to the bargain. There are no springs at Thirlmere, as at Longdendale. They will never be missed. The moment the water comes down it rushes along the hard, impervious rock straight into the reservoir. When the lake is full to the level to which it is being raised by an embankment now almost completed we shall be able to rely upon Thirimere for a supply of 50,000,000 gallons per day for a hundred and fifty days, even in periods of the greatest drought. The great aqueduct by which this volume of water may be carried through hill and over dale for a distance of ninetyfive miles is finished. It is the longest channel of the kind that the world has seen. The greatest of the Roman aqueducts, the Anio Novus, constructed in the time of Claudius, was only sixty-two miles long, but it held the 'record' until Liverpool went to the Vyrnwy and brought water from Wales through tunnels, pipes and syphons over a distance of seventy-five miles. Manchester has now beaten both

Rome and Liverpool. Generations hence the Thirlmere aque duct will perhaps have its full complement of five iron conduits, each capable of conveying 10,000,000 gallons per day, but at present only one of these pipes has been laid down, and the necessity of a second is not likely to be realized for twenty years. The aqueduct commences at the southeast corner of the lake, and at such a level that the surface of the water running into it at the entrance will be about 531 feet above ordnance datum. The water will be de livered into the Prestwich service reservoir at a height of 353 feet, and will therefore have a fall in the length of 178 feet. In the first twenty-two miles of the aqueduct there are seventeen tunnels, having an aggregate length of 14,000 yards, and seven syphons with an aggregate length of 9,000 yards, the remaining 15,700 yards consisting of "cut and cover." The greatest length of a single tunnel is 5,225 yards, and the greatest depth 660 feet.

Some Logic from Debsville.

Chicago Post. "Sir." said the intelligent laboring man 'we have decided to strike.' "What for?" asked the employer, in sur-"Pullman," replied the employe, tersely. "But I have nothing to do with Pullman," protested the employer. "Oh, we know that," exclaimed the em-

"And I have no business dealing with any one who does have anything to do with Pullman.' "Of course not. But you see this is sympathetic strike." "But what is to be gained by it? "Why, you see, if we hit you hard enough

we expect you will turn about and hit Pullman." "But suppose I don't. Suppose, instead of that, I hit back at you who hit me?" "Oh, that won't be fair," exclaimed the employe. You've no right to hit us.

Small Percentage. Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. Mr. Sovereign realized only 2 per cent on his order. Instead of a million men tion; indeed, the clamor that is raised as stopping work, 20,000 struck, and many of these under protest, ment. See them at once.

After Invoice

We find there are several little lots of merchandise that we want turned into cash. All small lots, but the prices we place on them are even smaller,

WASH DRESS GOODS

18c Creponettes will be closed out at 121/20 yard; a fair line of styles left to select 18c Lace Striped Dress Ginghams at 16c a yard; elegant patterns, fine goods, a great 10c and 121/2c Handsome Dress Ginghams, about 50 pieces in all, to be out at.....

100 Novelty Print Dress Patterns, 10 yards in each; have been selling at 69c; now..... Taffeta Moire; an immense lot of these have been sold at 18c a yard; we have received a new line of them

25c Black Brocaded Sateens have

Beautiful goods they are. Regular 10c Small Check Nainsook White Goods at......bc a yard Wool Challies, beautiful patterns, ooth dark and light grounds, at ... 10c a yard Read's Lansdowne, in 15 colors, all good shades at......89c a yard Botany Albatross, 40 inches wide, all the popular shades, and worth 75c a

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

25 dozen Men's Light Colored Laundered Madras Shirts, have been selling Men's White Unlaundered Shirts, good muslin; well made......25c

Men's Pure Linen Bosom White Unlaundered Shirts; perfect fitting goods and worth more than the price we ask, 45c 10 dozen Blue Striped Percale Shirts 2 separate collars; equal to the \$1.50 kind some folks seil, at Men's White Shirts, open front and back; plain P. K. and embroidered bos-

CORSETS

Good Summer Corsets at R. & G. Corsets; all colors at White Lawn Shirt Waists ... Embroidery Trimmed White Shirt Waists, worth \$1, at..... Bargains in Duck Suits. Bargains in Parasols. Millinery Goods at half price. Reductions in Underwear prices. 50 dozen Opera Length Hose, Colored Tops; Black Boots, Hermsdorf Dye; full; regular made; all for ... 25c a pair

SHOES

Misses' regular 75c Dongola, Spring regular \$1.50 shoe at..... Ladies' Cloth Top Button Shoes, Patent Tips; worth \$2, at..... Children's Patent Tip, Spring Heel, Dongola Oxfords at Ladies Dark Tan Nullifiers; usual price \$1.75, at.....



The Beauty of It All a Matter of Detail-Odds and Ends.

Philadelphia Record.

FEMININE ATTIRE.

It is the details of a woman's tollet, after all, which constitute its smartness. Everybody wears skirt, waist and bonnet; the same materials are open to all, and, thanks to fashion prints and fashion writing, pretty much everyone knows what the elegantes of London, Paris and New York are wearing. But it is the hand of the artist that arranges the lace, ribbon or velvet that forms the trimmings of the corsage, that selects and assimilates the colors, that chooses the jewelry to be worn with each costume, that ties the sash and arranges the flowers at the throat, waist or shoulder, which are to set off the dainty figure to best advantage and be most becoming to the youthful or slightly faded face.

Collar bands are now made separate from

the waists that they are worn with, and sometimes a lady chooses from a large boxful before she decides which will be the most suitable and becoming. Some of them are merely double twists of silk or velvet in corresponding or contrasting colors to the gown; some are made of curls of ostrich feathers sewn on to a straight band of silk, so that they cannot fly, and fastened at the back with a paste or diamond buckle. Others are formed of a mixture of precious stones-emeralds, rubies, pearls, and even diamonds, massed into one solid phalanx-but made flexible, so that they can be adjusted to the neck of a high corsage. Jewelers have been for a long time exercising their ingenuity to devise small and inexpensive pendants to be worn at the throat, attached to a black watered ribbon or velvet, which is tied behind with a bow and long streamers. This is a return to the fashion of many years ago, and lockets and hearts, jeweled or of plain gold, are now worn almost univer-sally. The prettiest are of turquoise set in a heart shape and with a blue sash and ribbons. Very many ladies who have kept lockets and brooches of blue lava, which were brought from Naples many years ago and worn with summer gowns. are generally in the shape of medallions and are very quaint, and, of course, uncommon. Coral also is coming to the front again, especially the lovely pink coral, which, set in dead gold, is exceed-

presented her bridesmaids with parasols mounted in gold a great many of these necessary articles have appeared with silver and gilt handles. But they are far too showy to be suitable for everyday wear and would soon tarnish and look tawdry at Newport or any seaside place.

ingly becoming to dark women, and is

equally effective with a white or a black

What Is Worn. Light suede gloves prevail for summer wear, and cream butter color and a kind of "rosy fawn" are the most desirable shades. A pink moire tea gown is made up with gathered breadths of pink and green kilted chiffon, which gives a soft, flowing grace to the robe.

The craze for neck bands of bright-colored velvet, with a fall of lace in front, has developed into another for neck ruches, and these are made of lace, ribbon and chiffon, box-plaited very full. The ecru shades are particularly fancied

this season for shirt waists, whether of

pongee silk, Madras gingham or linen batiste; although, as usual, many striped and dotted cheviot are likewise seen. Alpaca is becoming more and more popular, and black gowns of it are made and trimmed with ecru lawn, exquisitely embroidered. A heavy quality, which is very glossy, is used for coats, and another variety has little silk stars raised on the sur-

White organdy and nainsook are made up with ruffles of the goods or of embroidery, ruffles edged with lace or rows of insertion. Satin ribbon plays an important part as belt, square bow in the back, a similar collar, bretelles and shoul-

Cream-white cloth jackets in the medium length. Duchess of York style, are in high | were colored weakly. This was proof posfashion, and the various ways of adorning them render them appropriate for nearly every occasion. They are made both in single and double-breasted styles, and many of the former have a deep cape collar and slashed revers faced with very heavy gui-

Black and white checked silks are conspicuously favored, and in the selection of a dress of this sort discretion is quite necessary. Checks that look as if the black is very black and the white very white are, as a rule, to be avoided. They are distressingly trying to the eyes of the needlewoman, and are apt to prove too assertive when made up.

Fine wools are trimmed with the new Vandyke lace cape collarettes and satin ribbons for the stock collar, belt and shoulder bows that are merely several deep loops over the top of the sleeves from under the collarette. The short Bolero jacket is especially pretty on a girlish form, and shows a round full waist full three inches above the waist line.

A serviceable and easily-ironed dimity in hair lines has a full gathered skirt, leg-ofmutton sleeves, round waist fastened in the back and gathered at the neck, back and front. Belt and wrist trimm nainsook insertion, one row of the same heading the skirt hem; turn-over collar of edging and epaulette ruffles of the same, ending as pointed bretelles at the waistline, back and front.

Yokes are in such favor this season that even vests have yokes, or on elegant costumes voke-like pieces at the top, these made of some rich contrasting fabric or of plain poppy-red or Spanish-yellow satin or corded silk overlaid with guipure lace of heavy quality. This, for many reasons, is a very useful fashion, as those who find white or light vests unbecoming can have material of a "complimentary" color introduced as a pointed yoke at the top.

Used Pianos Cheap. For only July and August are Bryant & Co. offering a number of good upright Pianos of reliable makes at special induce-

DEAR SIR:

No, we really must confess we are not selling all the Carpets in town, but our July Sale has certainly brought us many new customers, and we shall be glad to have you see our handsome showing of Novelties, both in Carpets and Draperies. Be sure to come during this sale though, and see what we are doing with prices these "panicky" times. Yours, very truly,

TAYLOR & TAYLOR.

CHEMICALS IN LAUNDRY WORK. The Analytical Chemist and His Ruined Garment.

National Druggist. Probably every person who has clothing done up" at the laundries, public and private, has at one time or another (probably very frequently) had some article come rosive material used by the laundry ple to save labor. If you make complaint you are told, with much show of indignation, that "no chemicals, nothing soap and water" are used in that laundry You know on such occasions that the party is lying, but you have no recours cept to change laundries, and this usually swapping the devil for a wit In fact, you feel that you have been quite as effectively as your clothing is comforting to know that at chemical ingenuity has shown itse equal to the task of proving the use corrosives in the laundry; and that least one laundry concern has come grief. The hero of the affair was M. Schlumberger, who, for all his Teuton name, is a Frenchman, residing in Paris. He was recently consulted by a party who had been imposed on by his laundryman until forbearance ceased to be a virtue Brand new table cloths, napkins, shirts, etc., would go to the laundry whole and return in tatters. On looking at the articles the chemist thought that they had been submitted to

made a weak solution of methylene bina and placed one of the corroded articles in it. In a moment all around the burned spots the blue color fixed itself in the most intense manner, while the other parts itive that his suspicions were correct, and the courts subsequently justified him by making the laundryman settle for the articles destroyed. The next case was a little harder. The articles sent to the laundry were entirely new, but on being returned were found be eaten in spots. The test first named would not work in this case, and, since

the action of Javel water. He therefore

there was no evidence of chlorine, the chemist concluded that an acid had been use After trying two or three reagents, he has recourse to a weak solution of brasher (C16 H12 O5). He scattered a few drops this around the burned or eroded spots, and had the pleasure of seeing the rose color changed to yellow, showing that an acid had been used. Subsequently it was shown that the clothing, having been thrown carelessly into some receptacle, had come spotted with iron rust, and this latter had been removed with oxalic acid The acid had been carelessly used, and had eaten out the fabric wherever it was ap-

In the absence of any statute specifically bearing upon the subject, and in the presdries of Javel water, liquor calcis chlorinatae, and other like preparations, oxalic acid, etc., is almost universal, and that the laundries, without exception, disclaim the use of these corrosive and mischievous preparations, it would seem that the offend ers might be reached under the statute pun shing the obtention of money under false pretenses, or made to pay for goods thus estroyed under those regulating the mischievous and careless destruction of property. With the chemical means of proving the offense at hand, a conviction ought to follow. The editor of the National Druggist (St. Louis) will give his services as chemical expert free to the first party who

will undertake a prosecution. The Sooner the Better.

Philadelphia Inquirer. It is now said that the assassin of President Carnot moans continually that he does not want to die. He might as well refrain. It is appointed unto all men once to die, and in the case of murderers the date somedimes comes very early.